

Miscellaneous.

The Love of the Beautiful.

Every man, no matter how poor he may be, can do something towards making this world more beautiful. He can leave behind him monuments, through which the grateful zephyrs shall waft his praises, long after he shall be sleeping in the dust. Are you a poor man, toiling hard for a few cents? You will be more than repaid for the labor that is required to keep the plat before your door clean and green; and you will have your home the better for the rose bush which blooms in the yard, looking up into your eye, as it were with gratitude, through its green leaves and blossoming flowers. It was but the work of half an hour to plant it there. And many a year will it reward you and your wife and your children, with its smiles. A man cannot have a rose, without being a better man for that exercise of love. A child cannot prize it and water it, and watch with affection its swelling buds, without becoming more gentle in character, more refined in feeling, more docile in spirit.

Walter Scott in one of his graphic descriptions, represents a Scottish Lord, riding by the humble hut of a peasant, who is painting a tree before his door. He comments him for his taste, exclaiming, "When you have nothing better to do, Jack, be at work on a tree, 'till you grow when you're asleep Jack." There is no little philosophy in this declaration. You plant a tree—give it that gentle nurturing which it may for a short time need, and it will ever after reward you with its foliage and its shade. You sleep, and it steadily advances, in its growth, to the perfection of beauty. You go away for months, perhaps for years, and it forgets not to grow, and on your return your heart is gladdened by its fair proportions.

And a tree is property. Who will not give a few dollars more for a farm house, beneath the shade of whose ornamental trees, his children can play, or his cattle slumber in the moon tide light? And how can the occupant of a village house make a better investment of a few dollars, than in attaching to his house those ornaments which every man of taste so eagerly covets? A few green seeds will change an unsightly sand bank into beauty, where the eye may rest with pleasure and where the feet may love to linger. A few hours' work, in a spring morning, may give to your home the richest ornaments a home can have, tempering the fierce blaze of the summer's sun, and breaking up the fury of the winter's storm.

Property is worth more in a beautiful well-shaded village, than in a bleak, sunburnt, unsightly plain. He who has no regard for the appearance of his own premises, not only sinks the value of his own property, but also sinks the value of the property of his neighbors. No one likes to live in the sight of ugliness. On the other hand, he who makes his own home attractive, contributes to the rising value of all the region around him. He is thus a public benefactor, contributing not merely to the gratification of the taste of those who look upon his improvements, but adding to the real marketable value of the property in his vicinity.

Do not think that we are here urging expense upon those who are ill able to afford it. No man is so poor, but that he can plant a few trees before his dwelling. No man is so poor, that he must have his pig sty at his front door. We only contend that every man should exercise that taste which God has given to every man. And though we may not be able to live with the rich in the grandeur of our dwellings, the lowliest cottage may be embellished with loveliness, and the hand of industry and of neatness may make it a home full of attractions. Let there once be formed, in the heart of man, an appreciation of the beautiful and the work is done. Year after year, with no additional expense, the scene around him will be assuming new aspects of beauty.

Say not, I am not the owner of house or lands and therefore I have nothing to do. All are but tenants at will. We are all soon to leave, to return no more. Wherever you dwell, even if it be in your own hired house but one short year, be sure and leave some memorial that you have been there. The benevolent man will love to plant a tree, beneath whose shade the children of strangers are to play. It does the heart good to sow the seed, when it is known that other lips than yours shall eat the fruit.

Neither think that this is a question without its moral issues. The love of home as one of the surest safeguards of human virtue. And he who makes home so pleasant that his children love it, that in all the wanderings of subsequent life they turn to it with delight, does very much to guide their steps away from all the haunts of dissipation, and to form in them a taste for those joys which are most ennobling.—REV. JOHN ABBOTT.

Occupations.

The following excellent remarks from the Waverley Magazine are so strongly characterized with good sense and practical every day applications, we have at once set them down as sound doctrine.

There is a most radical error pervading society at the present in regard to plain, honest, hardy, industry. A greater or more foolish mistake never associated itself with the popular prejudices, than that it is the nature of his avocation that gives character and dignity to the man. For our part we should be sadly puzzled to discover the distinction between any two of the varied occupations which employ the industry of man, that would raise the operative in the one case above the one in the other. One occupation is precisely as creditable in itself, and as commendable to its industrious pursuer as another, provided it be honorable, and in perfect harmony with the laws of God and man. It is the man that ennobles the occupation, not the occupation that dignifies the man. It is well that we are not all fitted by habit, education and taste, for the same avocation. However these natural divisions are by no means distinctions. It is the diversity of taste, together with good and wholesome laws and regulations, that harmonize this vast workshop of intricate industry, the world. Without this diversity, all would be riot and confusion, and physical power alone would reap the benefits of labor. As it is, the weak and strong have each their several and appropriate elements.

The man who follows in the wake of the plowshare in his striped frock, and with bronzed and toughened hands, plants his

seed—the man with smutty face and leather apron, who with strong and vigorous sinews, swings his clanging sledge from early morn to twilight eve—or the man who bends over his ringing loom, the smooth faced, keen eyed merchant, who follows the feminine employment of measuring tape and ribbon—the eagle eyed barrister, who expounds, or rather mystifies the law, or he whose stately tread resounds in the halls of legislation. Still, there exists in the community a low and baneful prejudice in regard to this matter of labor. Why, fathers now a days must keep a sharp eye on their sons, lest they stray from the learned professions, and take up the degrading occupation of a mechanic, and thus entail a calamity upon the family which can never be wiped out. The daughters, too, must have a maternal eye upon their every glance and footstep, lest she be tipping the light of her eye upon some poor mechanic! Horrible! Why, the good lady would as soon think of linking her daughter with a Patagonian heathen as a mechanic.

Are not the use of the trowel, the anvil, the spade, and the hammer, just as laudable employments where with to build up our comforts in life, as the yard stick, the pen and ink, or the quill? Equally as honorable and respectable, since they are all employed for the same purpose. Labor is labor, whether performed in the field and workshop, or behind the counter, and in the study. Honesty and honorable labor are the same, whether performed by the king or the peasant, by the priest or the layman; it is just as honorable in the one as the other, and as worthy of the respect and admiration of the world.

Dr. Webster's Family Since his Execution.

The Evening Post has a letter from a correspondent at Boston, giving some facts pertaining to the family of the late Professor Webster, which are not without interest, though they curiously illustrate the strange follies of which poor human nature is capable:

"Daily, even to the present period, you may see persons driving up to the dwelling house of Mrs. Webster, Cambridge, for the purpose of at least looking at the outside of the house where her late husband lived. The day after the execution, a carriage drove up, and a lady, (at least apparently one) and her two daughters, (a Mrs. F.) from New York, alighted and desired to enter and see the corpse, stating that they had come on purpose. When the application was objected to too gently, they insisted upon entering, till they were more peremptorily refused.

"Among the mass of communications and letters which the family have received since his arrest, (and they have been so numerous that the postage alone, which they have been obliged to pay, might have supported them for half a year,) was one from a Baptist clergyman, of Kentucky, who offered, if the family would send him on money to pay his traveling expenses, to come on and use his influence with the Parkman family, as his deceased wife had been a distant relation of theirs, and with Gov. Briggs, who belongs to the Baptist persuasion, to procure a pardon for the convict.

"Another man presented himself at the house, a short time before the execution, and desired an interview with Mrs. Webster, for the purpose, as he stated, of making some important communications to her. They proved to be that he had hit upon a scheme to effect the prisoner's escape, that a vessel was ready to sail and bring him away in safety, and all he desired was the co-operation of the family.

"A scamp, whose name is not known, perpetrated the villainy of sending, after the execution, a newspaper to the house, directed to Mrs. W., which contained a wood cut of the execution in detail.

"Two Sundays ago, when the family appeared in the parish church, to attend public worship, the minister (who was not the regular clergyman of the parish, but preached there merely by way of exchange,) although he had been expressly told by the regular minister to be careful in regard to his subject, because the unfortunate family might, perhaps, attend; chose the edifying subject of 'The execution of criminals,' beginning with crucifixions. I could add other incidents as flattering to human nature as these; but the heart sickens to think of them."

TRUE GRIT.—A fun-loving contemporary tells the following story of a spunky chap in the land of blue laws and wooden nutmegs, who felt that he was "just naturally bound" to shine in some shape, by look or crook:

A young man of not very prepossessing moral character, lately proposed uniting with a church in Connecticut, but neither his present nor prospective piety gave moral power to his application. At length, after a long delay, the candidate was kindly informed that for the present the church declined his proposal, with the hope however that his future course might ere long warrant his reception. The hopeful rejected was at first astounded, but as a happy thought struck him he turned on his heel and exclaimed with a significant snap of the finger, "Wal, if you won't let me join your Church, I know what I can do—I can list into the Troop, by darn!"

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—Mr. Robert Steele, of this county, a few days since committed suicide under the following mysterious circumstances: Prior to the execution of Green, which took place in Jackson Co. about two months ago, he frequently expressed a desire to attend and witness the death. His parents first discouraged this design, and finally forbade his going; but, on the night before the hanging, he left home clandestinely, walked to Ripley, witnessed the solemn ceremony, and came back highly pleased with the affair. Since that time he has been heard to speak admiringly of death by hanging, deeming it the best mode that could be devised. It has been stated that he repeatedly indicated a determination to apply the method to himself—so great was his fascination. Be this as it may, the suspicions of his father's family were not awakened; and, availing himself of the absence of the male members thereof, he last week took a plow line, repaired to the corn-crib, and there hanged himself! His body was found some two hours after by the younger children, long after life was extinct. He was a young man aged about 19 or 20 years, and of irreproachable character. No cause has been assigned for the commission of the self-murder, other than a morbid preference for that mode of dying.—Furberburg (Pa.) Gazette.

The Prisoner.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

The prison's walls are gray with mold,
Damp stone its floor;
The prison cell is low and cold—
Boiled its door.

The lonely prisoner feels not now
A breath of air
Upon his broad and lofty brow
Stir his thin hair.

Why has that friend of Man and God
Met such a doom?
Why while he lives, is he thus trod
Into a tomb?

Because he was a Man, and felt
As man should feel!
Because God said his heart should melt
At God's appeal.

Because, when a poor brother cried
He felt the pain;
And, when he saw him bound, he tried
To break his chain.

And therefore chains are put on him!
And he must bear
The weight of every stiffening limb,
And the foul air.

That only newts and toads should breathe,
Must be his breath,
Till he shall find relief beneath
Thy shade, O Death!

Men of the North! must Chaplin lie
And suffer thus
While we're abroad, and God's blue sky
Bends over us?

Shame on the South, that he is there
Buried in Prison!
Ere long the North that shame will share,
Or he'll have risen.

God of the Freeman and the Slave!
If we forget
That prisoner in his living grave,
Not pay the debt.

Due to that "brother" of Thy Son,
How shall we stand
With his great flock, gathered in one,
At his right hand!

The Spirits of Parkman and Webster.

Mrs. Fish, (one of the Rochester "Knocking" ladies), writes to the Spirit Messenger that the spirits of Dr. Webster and Dr. Parkman, recently made an interesting communication, through herself and her sisters, to a company assembled by previous appointment in the Evening Gazette. The editor of that paper says that the facts were communicated by "one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of Rochester, and how ever much persons may be inclined to ridicule the "knockings" there can be no doubt that the narration is strictly true."

After stating that the company met by appointment previously made, the gentleman referred to says that he asked the following question:

"Q.—Are the spirits of Dr. Webster and Dr. Parkman present? A.—In the affirmative, by rapping."

The signal was given for the alphabet, when the following communication was spelled letter by letter.

DR. WEBSTER.—My friends, it will be gratifying to you and to our families to know that we are forgiven by our Father in heaven. He is more willing to forgive than erring mortals are willing to allow. There are many extenuating circumstances on both sides—and all our difficulties are settled. We will not speak of things that would only cause unpleasant feelings for the present, but on some future occasion we will converse more freely. You must now wait five minutes.

The five minutes having expired it was asked,

Q.—Does Dr. Parkman sanction all that Dr. Webster has said? A.—I am Dr. Parkman. I am happy now, our sins are forgiven. I endorse all he has said.

Q.—Have you any special object in view? A.—Yes. Our afflicted families need sympathies. Heaven is merciful and they will be sustained in the day of their affliction.—All is well.

Q.—Do they both say so? A.—Yes. We are happy now. And now that you have taken the subject in hand it will eventually benefit mankind."

What a Prudent Wife Did.

A correspondent of the National Era relates the following:—A fact which I came in possession of a couple of years ago, may illustrate the character of the New Englanders, and reveal the origin of some branches of their profitable business. S. W. was the son of our country clergyman, and was accustomed to laboring on a farm in summer, and keeping school in winter. He was moral, industrious and frugal, and took a shrewd proficiency to calculate the cost of all articles of living. One day her husband brought home the cloth and trimmings for a new coat. The wife inquired the price of the buttons, which she noticed were made of cloth, "lasting, or, more fully, everlasting," covered on wooden button moulds. She thought she could afford a good button, made by hand, for less money. The next day, like the true daughter of a Yankee she "tried the thing out." She bought the cloth by the yard, and moulds by the dozen, and in a week she had buttons, at a less price, in the market.

The thing would pay. S. W. soon left farming and school keeping, bought the cloth, which his wife cut into button-covers, and button-moulds, hired the women and girls of the neighboring towns to make them up, and sold them at great profits. Soon another entered into partnership with him, and invented machinery to do the work. Then the plain lasting was changed to figured velvet, and satin, and twill. Improvement on improvement in machinery was made, till they equaled the best English, or French, or German buttons. S. W. now owns one of the

sweetest villages in the Connecticut valley, and almost supplies the U. S. with buttons for coats and overcoats. He has endowed an academy munificently; has contributed like a prince to the fund of a highly distinguished and useful female seminary, and has rescued a noble college from embarrassment. So much for the carefulness of a prudent wife, and so much for a disposition to earn an honest living in some way, rather than thrive in idleness on the hard and too often unrequited toil of others.

[And yet that "prudent wife" cannot, under present laws, own one farthing of all the fruits of her genius and industry. The husband is made rich, but she is dependent wholly upon his bounty for all that she enjoys. Are such laws right?—Ed. Bugle.]

The Hand of the Avenger Stayed.

The following incident is taken from the diary of Hans Egede Sanybe, a grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede, first missionary to Greenland:—

It has been a fixed law in Greenland, that murder, and particularly the murder of a father, must be avenged. About twenty years before the arrival of Sanybe, a father had been murdered in the presence of his son, a lad of thirteen, in a most atrocious manner. The boy was not able then to avenge the crime, but the murderer was not forgotten. He left that part of the country, and kept the flame burning in his bosom. No suitable opportunity was afforded for revenge, as the man was high in influence, and many near to defend him. At length his plan was laid, and, with some of his relations to assist him, he returned to the province of Sanybe, there being no house occupied by the murderer, they remained but one owned by Sanybe, they requested it, and it was granted without any remark, although he knew the object of their coming.

The son soon became interested in the kind missionary, and often visited his cabin, giving as his reason, "You are so amiable I cannot keep away from you." Two or three weeks after, he requested to know more of "the great Lord of heaven," of whom Sanybe had spoken. His request was cheerfully granted. Soon it appeared that himself and all his relatives were desirous of instruction, and ere long the son requested baptism. To this request the missionary answered: "Kunuk, for that was his name,—"you know God: you know that he is good, that he loves you, and desires to make you happy; but he desires also that you should obey him."

Kunuk answered: "I love him, I will obey him."

"His command is, 'Thou shalt not murder.' The poor Greenlanders were much affected and silent. "I know," said the missionary, "why you have come here with your relations, but this you must not do, if you wish to become a believer."

Agitated, he answered, "But he murdered my father!"

For a long time the missionary pressed this point, the poor awakened: he then promising to "kill only one." But this was not enough. "Thou shalt do no murder," Sanybe insisted was the command of the great Lord of heaven. He exhorted him to leave the murderer in the hand of God, to be punished in another world; but this was waiting too long for revenge. The missionary refused baptism, without obedience to the command. He retired to consult his friends. They urged him to revenge.

Sanybe visited him, and, without referring to the subject, read those portions of Scripture and hymns teaching a quiet and forgiving temper. Some days after, Kunuk came again to the cabin of Sanybe. "I will," said he, "I will not; I hear and I do not hear. I never felt so before; I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him." The missionary told him, "When he would forgive, then his better spirit spoke; when he would not forgive, then his unconverted heart spoke." He then repeated to him the better part of the life of Jesus, and his prayer for his murderers. A tear stood in his eye. "But he was better than I," said Kunuk. "But God will give us strength," Sanybe answered. He then read the martyrdom of Stephen, and his dying prayer for his enemies. Kunuk dried his eyes and said, "Thou wicked man! He is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so moved; but give me a little time; when I have brought the other heart to silence, I will come again." He soon returned with a smiling countenance, saying, "Now I am happy; I hate no more; I have forgiven; my wicked heart shall be silent." He and his wife, having made a clear profession of faith in Christ, were baptized and received into the church. Soon after he sent the following note to the murderer of his father: "I am now a believer, and you have nothing to fear," and invited him to his house. The man came, and invited Kunuk in his turn to visit him. Contrary to the advice of friends, Kunuk went, and as he was returning home, he found a horse he had been in his kajak (or boat) stepped out of the water, saying, "He is still afraid, though I will not harm him."

What a noble example of self-conquest! What an illustrious exhibition of the power of the gospel!

JOHN ADAMS, ex-President of the United States, being called upon for a contribution for Foreign Missions, said:—

"I have nothing to give for that purpose; but there are in this vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in the other's pulpit—now I will give as much as any one else and more to civilize these clergymen."

CONSTANT SUPPLY OF EGGS.—The South Carolina says:—"A neighbor states that hog's lard is the best thing that he can find to mix with the dough he gives to his hens. He says that one cut of this fat as large as a walnut will set a hen to laying immediately after she has been broken up from setting, that by feeding them with the fat occasionally, his hens continue laying through the whole winter."

AGENTS FOR THE BUGLE.

OHIO.

New Garden—D. L. Galbreath and L. Johnson.
Columbiana—Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs—Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes.
Marbleton—Dr. K. O. Thomas.
Canfield—John Wetmore.
Lowellville—John Bissell.
Youngstown—J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme—Marsena Miller.
Selma—Joseph A. Dugdale.
Springboro—Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg—V. Nicholson.
Oakland—Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson.
Columbus—W. W. Follard.
Georgetown—Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg—Alex. Glenn.
Farmington—Willard Curtis.
Bath—J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna—Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville—Hannah T. Thomas.
Southampton—Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union—Joseph Barnaby.
Malta—Wm. Cope.
Richfield—Jerome Hurlbut, Elijah Poor.
Lodi—Dr. Still.
Chester—R. Roads—Adam Sanders.
Painesville—F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills—Isaac Russell.
Granger—L. Hull.
Hartford—G. W. Bushnell and W. J. Bright.
Garrettsville—A. Joiner.
Andover—A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Ashotown—A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine—Simon Sheets.
Granger—L. S. Spees.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Pittsburgh—Benj. Howne.
Newberry—J. M. Morris.
INDIANA.
Winchester—Clarkson Puckett.
Economy—Ira C. Maulsby.
Tenn.—John L. Michener.

Western Anti-Slavery Fair.

In the prosecution of every reform, it has been found necessary to employ subordinate means for the accomplishment of the desired end; and amongst these, none have proved more efficient than well-conducted Fairs. The pecuniary results are but a small part of the advantages arising therefrom, though they are often by no means unimportant. Various motives bring together multitudes to attend them, of those opposed to the objects in view, as well as friends to the cause; and thus rare opportunities are afforded for a full, free social discussion of the desired reform, as well as for public addresses in its behalf.

With these facts in view, the undersigned women of Ohio have concluded to hold an Annual Fair in the town of Salem to promote the cause of Anti-Slavery. Every thing in the political world seems to point out the necessity for renewed and untiring exertion in this most holy cause. The distinctions of Whig and Democrat are forgotten in the all-absorbing struggle for the extension of Slavery, and to all appearances the South will obtain every thing she asks. We believe a large part of the People of the North are in favor of Freedom, and that many members of the present Congress were elected with the expectation that they would firmly oppose any extension of the curse of Slavery; but some have proved to be voluntary recreants to their trust, and some have been frightened into submission to the Slave-Power. Let us then dedicate ourselves anew to the Cause of the Slave. Let us keep up agitation until the people shall as one man rise up and demand Universal Emancipation or Exemption from participation in the sin of holding our fellow-beings in bondage. Many of us can do but little. Yet let us not hold back on that account. Some of us are mothers, and though few of us can go forth and speak publicly in behalf of the stricken bondman, we may yet, by contributing our pittance in this way, by mingling with our neighbors, and pleading as our maternal feelings shall dictate for the stricken mother in the South, and instilling into the minds of those committed to our care an undying abhorrence of Injustice and Wrong, like the drops of rain, which, singly are unnoticed and insignificant, by uniting, change and invigorate the aspect of the whole world.

We propose holding a Fair, commencing the 31st of December, and continuing through the following day; and we would earnestly invite all persons, without respect to party or creed, to lend their aid by sending such contributions as they can make or procure. The funds arising therefrom to be devoted to the dissemination of Anti-Slavery Truth, through the agency of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

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